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BRITISH MUSEUM

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A Pindarick Ode TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Regum timendorum in proprios greges
Reges in ipſos imperium eſt Jovis,
Clari Gigantes triumpho,
Cuncta ſupercilio moventis. Hor. lib. 3. Od. 1.

By Mrs. AUBIN.

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ROuzed by the inchanting Sounds of Joy,
That ſhake the trembling Earth and Sky:
My Muſe who penſive lay beneath
An aged Poplars gloomy Shade,
And

And of the World had taken Leave

Upon the Earth ſupin'ly laid
Awoke; and ſtraight did upward fly
Near the bright Orbs that wear Immortal Light,
Surpriſed ſhe took her Flight.
Thence panting, on the adjacent Mountains lit,
And with a curious Eye,
Survey'd the Regions nigh,
Impatient ſought to know,
What mighty Turn of Fate
Such Tranſports could create,
And bleſs the Duſky Realms below.

Celeſtial Harmony
Fill'd all the ecchoing Sky,
And in the ſhining Courts above,
The Cherubims ſung Songs of Love,
Of Praiſe, of Glory, all the Heavens rung
Of Bleſſings paſt and greater Joys to come.

In

In Sheets of Light the Clouds roll'd on,
And with new Beauties all the Orient ſhone.
Loud Peals of Acclamations from afar
Like Clouds of Incence fill'd the Air:
At length on *Britain*'s ſhining Coaſt
She gazed, in Admiration loſt.
Thence hears imperfect Sounds of Victory,
Eternal Thanks, unutterable Joy,
And drawing nearer, ſoon diſcerns
Crowds of tranſported Souls, there learns
The glorious Tale, how *Britain*'s Arms prevail,
How ſlaughter'd Gauls in Battle ſlain
As Trophies lying on the conſcious Plain,
Our Glory, and their Monarchs loſs proclaim.
In Wonder loſt, and Extaſy,
She ruminating ſtood a while;
There ſaw the Triumphs of her Native Iſle,
And ſilent bleſt the God that gave us Victory.

Then

Then in a Rapture cry'd, ſhall I thus ſtupid ſtand,
And ſee ſuch Wonders of the Almighty's Hand,
Nor joyn in ſuch a' univerſal Joy
My feeble Voice I'll raiſe
To ſing his Praiſe,
Who does our Enemies deſtroy.
But ſoon reflecting on the mighty Taſk,
She bluſhing did her ſelf condemn
Strait conſcious that ſo vaſt a Theme
A mightier Genius far did aſk.
But when ſhe near the ſacred Throne,
Where our great Queen in Regal Power ſhone,
Slowly approach'd with trembling Feet
Her Breaſt with ſome bright Power inſpir'd,
Was with Poetick Raptures fir'd,
And burnt with vaſt Æthereal Heat.
Pardon then, mighty Queen, if proſtrate ſhe
Dares thus approach thy Sacred Majeſty,
And on this Glorious Day,
A ſecond Offering pay,

To

To Heaven, and Thee:
With Zeal, ſuch, as to that we owe,
And all the Loyal Duty due,
From faithfull'ſt Subjects unto You.
With ſuch Affection as a Diety
Can claim, from our Mortality.
I ſing the Glories of Your Reign,
And celebrate our matchleſs Monarchs Name
The firſt, and brighteſt in the Book of Fame.

Begin my ſoaring Muſe, the tuneful Song
In charming accents, and in numbers ſtrong.
Urania help, with Fire Divine
Make all my Labours ſhine,
And guild each ſprightly Line.
Let Joy, and tranſport every where
Through all the labour'd Work appear,
And every Thought the ſmiling Air
Of Extaſy, and Rapture were.

Rouze from your Lethargy
Ye ſtupid Souls that lie
Chain'd down by Sleep, and Living dye.
And you whom Cares and Sickneſs rack,
Sad Thoughts caſt off, no more look back,
No more complain, your Pains deſpiſe,
Conquer your Fears, and ſprightly riſe
To Grace this Day, which we to Heav'n Sacrifice.
And you who lock'd in fetter'ing Chains,
The icy Walls of Dungeons hold
And Priſon Gates, where baneful Cold
And meager Famine, Fear and Dread
O'er every Face, Deſpair does ſpread,
Riſe, and in Smiles forget your Pains,
Shake all your ruſty Fetters in rude Harmony:
Dance, Leap, Shout, and Sing for Britains Victory,
Let every Soul, and every Voice
With Zeal harmoniouſly rejoyce
Each Motley Sect, who bask beneath the Rays
Of mighty *ANNA*'s Glorious Days; Who

Who by Her Mercy live at eaſe,
And Serve their Maker as they pleaſe:
Enjoy almoſt unbounded Liberty
From Fear, each Conſcience free,
Is bound to celebrate
The Glories of our State.
In Gratitude let every Subject own,
None e're like *ANNA* fill'd the Engliſh Throne.

No more ſhall the Proud Haughty Monarch, who
The World would conquer, and Mankind undo;
Dare but in thought again to aim
At Univerſal Monarchy
And *England*'s Diadem.
No more to *Europe*, and its Kings give Laws,
His Glory to a haſty Period draws;
And all his Lawrels, Wither, Fade, and Dye:
Beware Ambitious Prince, e're 'tis too late,
On numerous Armies, truſt no more,
Heavens Friends will ſtill be Conqueror.

Be Wiſe and tempt no more your Fate;
Victory, doubtful does o'er Armies ſtand,
Till ſome Celeſtial Meſſenger,
Beauteous, and Bright as is the Morning Star,
Deſcending from the Skies,
The great Creators Pleaſure ſignifies,
And brings the dread Command;
Then to the juſter Side She goes,
And with Confuſion Heaven's Foes
Retire in ſuch Diſorder, and ſuch Fear,
As thine at *Hodgſtat*, *Ramilies*,
Blenheim, and *Oudenard* did ſhare,
Where all thy former Glories burry'd ly's.

Recall the Royal Youths, to whom
Thy boundleſs Hopes, and vaſt Deſires
Had promiſed to be made the Heirs
Of glittering Crowns to come.
Truſt not to Fate, the dire Event
Of Battles you'll too late repent;

E're

E're to thy trembling City Gates we bear.
Our conquering Arms
Fill all your Country with Alarms,
And in your own Dominions keep the War,
Kingdoms unjuſtly got reſtore,
Nor vainly hope to conquer more
with Hecatombs of thy own Subjects buy,
Not Heaven's Wrath, and laſting Infamy.

ANNA is Providences Darling Care,
Nothing ſo infinitely Good as Her;
Can Pray, or Ask, of Heav'n in vain,
Her Prayers obtain Our Victories,
Her Wiſhes ſtill bring Confirmations from the Skies:
There in the Immortal Bright Decrees of Fate,
'Tis doubtleſs Writ,
And he has ſeen it fit
To make her both incomparably Good, and Great,
And with unequall'd Glories bleſt her Reign.

On You, and only You alone,
Great Monarch of the Britiſh Throne,

All

All *Europe*'s Eyes are caſt,
The jarring Nations to You ſtill ſubmit,
And lay their Differences at Your Feet
Umpire, and Judge Supreme You Sit.
The Ballance of all *Europe* You do Sway;
Strangers do by Affection Subjects grow
And to Your Scepter bow,
And readily Obey,
And fartheſt Showers Your Bounty's taſt.

In vain ſhall *France*, and its Allies
Try to reſiſt Your Conquering Arms,
Still from the Fight the Gallick Soldier flies,
And trembles at the Trumpets Shril alarms.

So ſwiftly flies the Amorous Sparrow by,
The eager Hawk purſued,
So beats his panting Heart, afraid to Dye,
Retreats, into the Wood,
Amongſt the Thickets hides his Head,
And in imagination Dead,
Feels all the Pains that Fears create,
And ſo anticipates his Fate,

But

But once escaped he claps his bruſling Wings,
And like a Victor ſtrait looks up, and Sings
So timerous Doves, the Vultur dread,
So faint reſiſtance make
But from his Preſence fled,
Strait to their Homes betake,
Their coo as unconcern'd, but fly
At the firſt notice of the Enemy.

Like them the *Gauls* to You ſhall yield,
So to your Armies leave the Field,
For an inglorious Peace obliged to ſue,
The noble Principalities,
The Caſtles, Towns, and Fortreſſes
Reſign, which they did heretofore ſubdue;
To the ſtrict Bounds of their own Alps confin'd
The Spaniſh, with the German Monarchy,
Shall fully re-united be.
And in the noble Houſe of *Auſtria* joyn'd,
Whilſt *Britain* with united Voice ſhall bleſs
The glorious Day that plac'd you on the Throne,
Confeſſing all our Glories due to you alone:
Nor can we hope for leſs,

The

The Triumphs of this Day, a Debt to
Is but an Earnest of it's Favours given.
Here Millions of Souls adore
Thy Goodness, humbly Heaven implore,
For *ANNA*
Long Series of
Each loyal Subject promises to
From your sweet and propitious
Nor need we fear to hope in vain.
For where great *ANNA*
ANNA the Pious, Vertuous, Good,
All humane Blessings must abound,
For Right Religion, and our Liberty.
He ever shall, as now, victorious be.
And all thy Reign still with new
Your Fortune equal to your Godlike Birth;
And all the Universe proclaim
The Wonders of your matchless Fame,
Confessing you the best, and greatest Queen on Earth.

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